

# The Indian Missionary Record

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Published Monthly

## INDIANS TO PARADE IN REGINA

Hollywood stars appearing in "North West Mounted Police" are expected to arrive in Regina Saturday, October 19, for the world premiere of the film in this city and it has been decided, therefore, to set the dates for the week's celebration for this great event from Oct. 19 to 25 inclusive.

A. T. Hunter was appointed chairman of a committee to look after historic events and pageantry. He will arrange for oldtimers with a Riel rebellion background to be in Regina early in premiere week and the annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Historical Society will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 22, giving many of the pioneers an opportunity to attend the gathering and add to the folk lore of early days already in the society's archives.

The Indian committee will be headed by A. M. Christianson, superintendent of Indian agencies for Saskatchewan. Mr. Christianson plans to have at least 100 Indians in Regina in full dress regalia and to have a village of 25 tepees erected. The location for the Indian village has not yet been decided. These Indians will come from the Standing Buffalo, Assiniboine, Pasqua and Piapot Reserves.

## EUROPEAN WAR NEWS

- Aug. 30—Rumania under German pressure yields half of Transylvania to Hungary.
- Sept. 3—Great Britain gets 50 over-age destroyers from the U.S.A. in exchange for six and gift of two naval and air base sites in the Western hemisphere.
- Sept. 6—Carol flees Rumania as Michael becomes King, and General Antonescu, dictator.
- Sept. 16—Italians take Sidi Barrani after 55 mile drive into Egypt.
- Sept. 22—R.A.F. raids invasion bases on the continent as German planes begin third week of intensive raids on London.
- Sept. 22—Japanese troops enter Indo-China.
- Sept. 27—Japan joins the Axis alliance.

## CHURCH CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

- 1.—Friday, ALL SAINTS (Holy Day of Obligation).
- 2.—Saturday, ALL SOULS (Service for all dead).
- 3.—Sunday, 25th after Pentecost:  
Gospel—The tempest at sea. (Matt. 8:23-27)
- 10.—Sunday, 26th after Pentecost: Gospel—  
The seed and the cockle (Matt. 13:24-30).
- 17.—Sunday, 27th after Pentecost: Gospel—  
The grain of mustard seed (Matt. 13:31-35).
- 24.—Sunday, 28th and last after Pentecost: Gospel—  
The end of the world (Matt. 24:15-35).

## Catholic Beginnings of Canada

In September the 400 anniversary of the foundation of the Order of the Jesuit Fathers was celebrated. It is opportune to remember that the Jesuit Fathers were among the first and most valiant Missionaries of Canada. Last August a cairn and tablet were unveiled at Fort St. Marie, Ont., by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in memory of the courageous priests who built Fort St. Marie, who worked and suffered martyrdom in Huronia.

It was there that the Fathers Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Grenier and Noel Chabanel went forth to meet their glorious death. Fort St. Marie was conceived by Champlain, its cost was borne by Cardinal Richelieu, and it was constructed by Father Isaac Jogues. Father Jogues, together with Rene Goupil and John de la Lande were killed near Auriesville, N.Y. The eight martyrs are the first and only saints to be canonized by the Church in North America.

These priests were pioneers of agriculture and civilization in southwestern Ontario, and they were the heralds of a period of discovery and Empire building.

The State of N.Y. erected a monument at Auriesville to the memory of Fr. Isaac Jogues. Midland, Ont. has a Martyr's Shrine which was dedicated in 1926 by Cardinal O'Donnell, of Boston. In August of this year, Cardinal Gasparri opened the celebrations of the tercentenary of Midland Shrine.

(Read on page 2: Our Canadian Martyrs.)



(Courtesy Valley Echo)

# OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS

(Reproduced from the Canadian Messenger)

Henry Keane, S.J.

The Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs near Midland, Ont., is built on the land possessed and used by the Martyrs themselves during the ten years from 1639 to 1649. If you stand at the top of the steps outside the present church and look down into the valley to the left, you will see the actual site of the old Fort Ste-Marie, which was at once the church, residence, hostel, hospital, and cemetery of the missionaries during those ten historic years.



It is a far cry back from 1937 to 1637 or 1639. It is not easy to leap three hundred years. Yet the effort is sometimes worth making. Past 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, to 1737 in the days of the early Hanoverians when older men vividly remembered the rebellion of the '15, while younger were to take part in that of the '45, back to 1639 when Charles I. of England had already embarked on the struggle with the Covenanters in Scotland and with his own parliament in England which was to culminate in his execution ten years later—the journey requires some effort of imagination. Europe was then in the throes of the religious wars, with Gustavus Adolphus on the Protestant side and Ferdinand II, the Hapsburg, on the Catholic, while Richelieu watched the struggle in the interests of France. St. Francis de Sales had died fifteen years before. St. Jane Frances de Chantal, the foundress, with Francis, of the Visitandines, was still alive and was to survive till 1641.

Roughly a hundred years before this St. Ignatius of Loyola had founded the Society of Jesus, and by now Jesuits had spread throughout Europe as teachers and preachers, and throughout the world as missionaries.

It was in pursuit of their missionary vocation that three French Jesuits came to Canada in 1625 at the invitation of the famous Recollet Father Joseph le Caron. The three Jesuits were Father John de Brébeuf, Father Charles Lalement, and Father Enémond Massé. For Father Massé this was the second journey to New France. He had come with Father Pierre Biard to Port Royal in 1611. Father Charles Lalement was an uncle of Father Gabriel Lalement who suffered martyrdom in Huronia twenty-four years after the Jesuits accepted Father le Caron's invitation. In 1626 Father de Brébeuf went with the Recollet de la Roche Daillon to the Huron country. By 1639 the Jesuits in Huronia numbered thirteen Fathers, and there were with them fourteen French laymen known as *donnés* or *oblates*, men who devoted themselves to the service of the missionaries without any remuneration beyond that of sharing in their hardships and in certain of their spiritual privileges. Up to this time the practice had been to establish what we should call stations in whatever Indian villages offered any sort of response to the preachers' appeal. But, be-

sides the fact that the Indians were constantly changing the sites of their villages, the Fathers found themselves isolated and widely separated, and isolation was perilous.

Now in 1639 in spite of innumerable initial set-backs and diabolical opposition the work had on the whole grown and prospered, and the Fathers felt the need both for themselves and their converts of some center at which they could gather, some permanent home to which they could retire from time to time for

spiritual exercises, rest, and concerted counsel, and to which their converts might repair for devotion, instruction, and even protection. For after ten years of self-sacrifice and heroic labor for the Indians they knew from sad experience that always they carried their lives in their hands. Sickness, drought, failure of crops or hunting or fishing—all these might at a moment's notice be laid at their door and their lives be in imminent peril.

The site they selected was excellently adapted for its purpose. It was sufficiently remote from the nearest Indian village, yet central as being on the bank of the small stream, known later as the river Wye, which connected Lake Isaragui (now Mud Lake) with Georgian Bay only a mile away, along the shores of which were dotted many Indian settlements. The surrounding land, including that now occupied by the Shrine and its grounds, was fertile especially for native corn which the missionaries intended to harvest for themselves. There was abundance of water—one stream of which is used today at the Shrine grotto—and the ground sloped gently to the river.

Throughout the whole course of their missionary work the Fathers had to reckon with enemies as implacable to themselves as to the Hurons, the fierce and warlike tribes of the Iroquois confederacy. These were later to be responsible for the deaths of all the Martyrs save one, Father Noel Chabanel, who was struck down by a renegade Huron. The Iroquois were as ubiquitous as they were treacherous, cruel, and relentless. Besides making massed incursions on the Huron villages, they roamed the woods and haunted the banks of the rivers, ever ready to pounce on their victims when defenceless or off their guard. And they were armed with muskets which they procured from the Dutch traders in their southern territory.

Hence the idea of a fort. Defence both for themselves and for the Indians, Huron or Algonquin, who might take refuge with them, could never be neglected by the missionaries. So the site on the banks of the Wye was surrounded by thick palisades and strong walls with corner bastions strengthened with military art. It enclosed not merely a residence for the Fathers but a church and hostel for the Indians, and later a hospital and cemetery. It was begun in 1639 under the supervision of St. Isaac



Jogues. Ten years later its personnel numbered eighteen Fathers, four Brothers, twenty-seven oblates, seven paid servants, four boys and eight soldiers, a concession from the French authorities in Quebec. By careful management and cultivation, together with livestock and poultry, it had become almost self-supporting. Over three thousand Indians visited it yearly in the years 1646 to 1648, each week bringing three to four hundred pilgrims.

No more apparently unpromising soil was ever offered to the labors of devoted men than that of the Huron country. The Indians for whom they labored were utterly ignorant and unspiritual, chained hand and foot in the grossest and most inhuman superstitions, completely dominated by their medicine-men, sunk in sensuality, cruelty, treachery, and fickle as spoilt children. There are few pages of human or even of missionary history that for heroic endeavor, stern endurance, utter selflessness for the good of humanity, can vie with the annals of the French Jesuit missionaries in Huronia. No words can exaggerate their simple unadorned heroism. The lot of the missionary is always hard; but most have something to show for their labors. They have at least the human satisfaction of knowing that they are doing good and that their efforts are appreciated. No one would belittle the heroic work of a Francis Xavier or a Peter Claver. Yet Xavier numbered his converts by thousands, while Claver had at least the pathetically grateful recognition of the barbarously treated negroes for whom he worked. But for the first few grilling years the Jesuit missionaries in Canada knew none of these. The number of their converts was negligible. Their work was revolting in the physical miseries which it daily imposed on them. Black ingratitude was their ordinary thanks; lying, thieving, treachery their daily portion. Like thunder from a clear sky the fiercest hostility was apt to burst upon them without warning and without rational cause. The work of months of exhausting, soul-killing effort was undone in a moment, and their highest good fortune was to escape with their lives. As for romance or poetry, there was none of it. Even spiritual consolation seems in those early days to have been withheld from them. They spent themselves and were spent without any apparent success in the service of men and women who at best cared nothing about them or their ideals, and at worst would split their heads with a tomahawk as ruthlessly as they would crush a mosquito.

Men of education and culture, used to the amenities of civilization, utterly selfless and devoted, they entered Canada to plunge into the horrors of the daily life of a degraded cannibal race, to share their food and home-life and to know no other. If ever the temptation to give up which besets the best of men was strong, it must have been strong here. The difficulties seemed well nigh insuperable. The language itself, to be learnt without written grammar or vocabulary, was a sufficiently formidable barrier. But still more formidable to men of less heroic mold was the seeming futility of their labors. The results in the first years were meager and disappointing in the extreme and bore no proportion to the continual and unceasing self-sacrifice which was their price. Yet these heroic men struggled on undaunted, convinced that their cause was God's, and that, if they planted and watered, at no matter what cost to themselves, He in His own good time would give the increase. Nor were they disappointed. Though their work ended in what men would call failure and

tragedy, yet it was the tragedy of heroism and the failure of the Cross.

Their chief work was perforce done during the winter months; for in summer and fall the Indians were absent, fishing, hunting, trading, or harvesting their crops. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the merely material difficulties of their task—the rigors of a Canadian winter in the open without any of our modern methods of defence against it, the complete absence of roads, even such trails as the Indians used being often buried deep under snow. Besides a few personal belongings the missionary must carry with him the means of saying Mass, together with a stock of presents for the Indians, and he was thus heavily weighted. Yet these Europeans, utterly unused to such conditions, went on with their self-imposed task for years, chilled to the bone, frost-bitten, half-starved with only Indian sagamité for their food—and all for what? Often for open hostility, rude repulse, hatred, ridicule, even blows and injuries. At best utter discomfort in cabins filthy, verminous, smoke-filled, with the possibility of baptizing a dying child or a feeble old man or woman. Such was the story of their early years in its more humdrum and usual aspect.

Slowly, however, but surely their work advanced. Notable converts were made among the Indians, who in turn were singularly influential with their people alike by their example and by their words. Nor must it be forgotten that conversion to Christianity was no easy matter for the Indians themselves. Not only did it mean renouncing the habits of a lifetime in the way of sin and self-indulgence; but it involved a complete break with tribal ideas and customs. As in the early days of Christianity, so here in Simcoe County the convert was an outcast. All his life long he had been trained to cruelty and savage revenge. Lying, treachery, deceit, and unfair advantage were his virtues. Now he must turn himself inside out, unlearn all his past and become a fool in the eyes of his fellows for Christ's sake. There was demanded of him a psychological and moral revolution which nothing short of the grace of God could accomplish. Even after his baptism the temptation to relapse was, especially if he was isolated, almost overwhelming. Those who survived the test, and they were many, were firetried, and made outstanding Christians of high supernatural virtue, closely united to God, prizing their faith above all earthly possessions, and leading lives of almost religious perfection.

At the end of nineteen years of unremitting labor the missionaries had won for Christianity almost two thirds of the population of Huronia. They had established dozens of Christian villages from what we now know as Midland to Orillia, from Barrie to Collingwood, and throughout the little peninsular of Tiny township. Their labors extended as far as Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron and to Sault Ste-Marie at the eastern end of Lake Superior. During the last ten years of this work the center of Christian activity was the Fort Ste-Marie on the river Wye. Thither the Indians flocked from miles around. As many as one hundred and twenty solemn baptisms were celebrated in a single year, apart from the hundreds conferred privately in the villages. They came in crowds for Sunday Mass. On weekdays they haunted the chapel, which was never empty of worshippers. Many came for the week end, staying from Saturday to Monday. The hostel was filled to overflowing, and the overflow camped on the hill where the Shrine now stands.

(Please turn to page 6, column 1)

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REV. G. L. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., Editor.

*Cum permissu superiorum.*

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### EDITORIAL

## CATHOLIC LIFE FOR THE INDIAN

### Use of Indian Language

The Catholic Church is essentially a society, a gathering of faithful, organized under one Head, and partaking of the same Sacraments. Therefore the social aspects of the Church are essentially the same for every nation in the world. But there are certain characteristics, pertaining to non-essentials of religion, which vary according to language, national customs and traditions, and racial influences. It is a well-known fact that the Church of the early days, far from wanting to destroy the national life of the nations among which it spread, was on the contrary, very willing to give a higher meaning to festivals, customs and ceremonies which were formerly entirely pagan in their nature.

In a previous editorial we have outlined the two factors which contributed to the extension of the Church among the Indians. It would be both interesting and enlightening to see how the early Missionaries have endeavoured to bring to the Indians the truths of our Faith, how they have instilled in their hearts a true piety, and in their minds, a deep feeling of the supernatural.

The first thing that a Missionary had to do, was to learn the language of the nation among which he was to labour. In making a thorough study of an Indian language, the Missionary was getting acquainted with the various beliefs, practices and customs of the people. He was acquiring a perfect tool to bring in a forcible way to his audience the teachings he was to impart to them. It is remarkable that practically every Catholic congregation which has the reputation of always having been faithful to the religion, of attending the Church services regularly, of singing and praying with devotion, has had at its origin the guidance of a Missionary well acquainted with the Indian tongue.

The prayers said in the mother tongue must have a greater appeal than those said in a foreign language; hymns, sung in the native dialect, are intoned with more vim and enthusiasm. Of course, we realize that each particular congregation has its own peculiarities. Among some groups the English language is almost exclusively spoken at home by the younger people; the children cannot speak the mother language. It would not be practical, in this case, to enforce singing and praying in Indian tongue. The schools have been very useful in teaching the English language to the children; after two generations we find that the Indian language is almost abandoned for a more adequate and more practical medium of

conversation. Other groups show a tendency to use the mother tongue together with the English; it would be advisable for them to sing and read the prayers in both languages alternately. Thus the older members would not lose interest in the Church devotions, as they would understand part of the service, and join in it.

In connection with singing, it is interesting to note that some hymn books contain melodies adapted from original Indian dance songs. However, this has not been a general practice, and I doubt that it would ever become general; the melodies which are traditional have a sacred character that no dance tune could ever acquire.

—G. L., O.M.I.

## BRAVES, PALE-FACES ON SAME WARPATH

Canadian Indians, whose forebearers fought against the encroachment of the "pale face" in the conquest of the new world, are helping their King defend the Empire against Adolf Hitler and to stop the spread of the Nazi ideology in the new world.

Mounted on motorcycles instead of piebald ponies, armed with Bren and Lewis machine guns instead of bows and arrows and tomahawks, and wearing the battle dress of the modern soldier instead of the plume feathers their forefathers wore on the warpath, the "braves" are in Great Britain's front line of defence with "paleface" Canadian troops.

Fenimore Cooper, the author, would have rubbed his eyes in wonder if he could have seen the Indians advancing single file through the hedge-covered byways of the English countryside.

I have met several of these Indian volunteers serving with a Saskatoon regiment. One was Private Beaver, who came from the Hudson Bay district, another was Private Dreaver, from the Mistawasis Indian reservation at Carlton, Saskatchewan, and still another was Private Mosquito, recognized as a crack-shot machine-gunner.

The braves were playing baseball on a village green when I saw them. Dreaver said that his grandfather came from the Orkneys and his family name was really Mistawasis, which means "big child".

"My father was the chief of my tribe, and my eldest brother took over the chieftainship when my father died," he said. "My eldest brother and two other brothers came over to fight in the last war. One died in the attack at Vimy ridge, and the other was wounded and died in Canada after the war. The third, who survived, is my eldest brother, Joe."

Dreaver's forefathers carried on the war against the British in Canada, but his great-grandfather, Chief Mistawasis, as head of the Cree tribe, led the peace movement among the tribes and induced others to join with him in ending the war.

"My grandfather signed the peace treaty, to which Queen Victoria also put her signature," Dreaver said proudly.

The Indians like the English country life, especially since they moved into their winter billets in some of the most stately country mansions in England.

"This is the first time I have ever seen the inside of an English country home," Beaver said with a broad smile. "It's heap different from life on an Indian reservation."

(Courtesy Regina Leader-Post)



## QU'APPELLE INDIAN SCHOOL

LEBRET, SASK.

### Pages from the School Diary

June 12—The King's birthday was celebrated at the school by a picturesque ceremony held in front of the school. Flags and bunting fluttered in the breeze; band music, a chorus, and speeches followed two addresses presented by the Misses Marianne Palletier and Elizabeth Bellegarde, high school pupils.

June 18—The Boys' Band gives a concert at the Sanatorium; tea was served on the lawn; the boys had a very pleasant afternoon.

June 30—The former Principal, Rev. Father G. Leonard, O.M.I., paid us a visit. Sr. Pulvermacher, a former Superior for the Sisters during Fr. Leonard's time, was also here. We were glad to welcome them.

July 2—A very interesting picnic for all the school children who were ferried across the lake, to McDonald's bay, in the power barge of the Seminary. Sports, swimming, and eating, took up all the time of the children, who were grateful to the Seminary for the boat-rides.

July 12—The Red Cross "Country Fair" held at Fort Qu'Appelle was an occasion for the Band boys to parade, and a prize winning float from the school, "Cinderella" drew the admiration of the crowd.

July 14—The last Band concert was given on the occasion of the C.Y.C. picnic held at Lebret. Until late in the evening the band played and accompanied popular songs.

Sept. 4—A new Sister Superior, Mother Ste-Eugenie arrives to replace Mother McQuillen, who left for Fort Simpson, N.W.T., last July.

Sept. 15—Reopening of the school. The 250 pupils are promptly gathered, and the next morning class is resumed. Early in October Mrs. A. Olsen takes over the organ lessons. She has 15 pupils.

### Recent Visitors

Sept. 1—Dr. Renald Ching, from Hong-Kong, accompanied by Dr. J. J. Wall, the eye specialist.

Sept. 27—Rev. Fr. G. Marchand, Provincial for Eastern Canada, who was on his way back from a visit to the Hudson's Bay Missions.

Sept. 29—The Drs. Wherrett and Hopkins, of Ottawa, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, from the Sanatorium, and Dr. A. B. Simes, of Fort Qu'Appelle, visited the school.

### League of the Sacred Heart

Officers elected for 1940-1941 are: Charles Adhemar, President; Clarence Goodpipe, Vice-President; Daniel Dumont, Secretary. Meetings are held twice monthly. (G.L.)

**Sintaluta, Sask.**—Miss Rosabelle Rider, a full blood Assiniboine girl, has passed her Nursing Examinations with honours at the St. Boniface Hospital, last May 13. She also obtained a gold medal. Miss Rider, a daughter of Charles Rider, Jr., is now at Norway House, serving with the Indian Dept.

### Recently appointed in Southern Sask. Agencies are:

Mr. W. J. D. Kerlie, at Broadview, Agent; F. L. Blanch, formerly of the Qu'Appelle school staff, Clerk.

Mr. E. S. Jones, Indian Agent at File Hills.

Mr. G. L. Briant, Agent at Kamsack.

Mr. A. N. Winter, Farming Instructor at Muscowpitung Reserve.

## MARIEVAL, SASK.

Our first feeling is that of thanksgiving for the summer vacation. God has given us fruits in plenty. What a good time we have when He lets us go picking. This favor has been enjoyed quite often since we are back to school, and then the play-ground is turned out into a nice village centre, where all the people are busy preparing a real banquet. Our school premises have put on a new coat; freshly painted, it looks quite different after such brushing.

On Sept. 22nd we had a chicken dinner followed by out-door games in the afternoon, races, horse-jumping, etc. Some proved very clever in showing off their skill. Every one enjoyed the performance of horsemanship. For us youngsters, too, there was real satisfaction in buying ice-cream, or paying for our dinner like the grown-ups, with our own money; for you must remember that we had put up the best of our skill to prepare our School exhibits last June; so as soon as we were all back to school, Father Principal gave us our share of prize money. Some had \$1.25, and others a few nickels in their pocket. What a joy! How big we feel then!

On Sept. 25 a full day holiday. A truck came for us early in the morning. The weather was fair. Around 4 o'clock the hired men arrived with hay racks; we knew what it meant. We were over 100 children besides the Staff, the day school pupils being with us. The following day was spent in the potato field. Thanks to God, we had a very nice crop. There will be no starvation this winter.

"No excellence without toil." Well, after having shown good will and made efforts to succeed in our studies, great many were promoted to a higher grade and have changed books. We now rank as follows in the higher grades: Grade VI, 3 boys and 9 girls; Grade V, 6 girls; Grade IV, 9 boys and 7 girls; and Grade III, 7 boys and 5 girls.

## FORT FRANCES, ONT.

The school reopened its doors on the first of September; but not all the children returned; for some went with their parents to make Indian rice. Indeed, everyone was glad to come back after two months of summer holidays. Father Chatelain, our Principal, went twice to get the children who were far from here.

We are also very glad to have a new teacher in the senior class. Last year's teacher is now teaching the juniors. There is also a new Matron Sister in the boys playroom.

Sept. 8.—National day of prayer. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed all afternoon. Many people from the reserve came to honor the Holy Sacrament and to pray for the peace of the world.

Sept. 9.—We were very sorry to see our good Fr. Dumouchel leaving here for another Mission. We thank him for all the good he has done to us while he was here, especially in teaching Catechism. We wish him success in his new missionary work, and we hope he will come back sometimes.

Sept. 11.—Miss Lucy Perreault of this reserve, became the bride of Mr. Edmond Huard of St. Boniface. Miss Delia Jourdain was maid of honor with Mr. Leonard Bruyere as best man. They were married by Rev. Father Principal, in the chapel of the school. The wedding was quietly celebrated.

(Continued on page 6)

**Sept. 12.**—A beautiful statue of Notre Dame de Lourdes, which was bought with the receipts of a bingo party sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, and which is to be placed in a niche outside the church, arrived here this morning.

**Sept. 15.**—The blessing of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes took place after High Mass. Father began the ceremony by a beautiful sermon on Our Lady; then an English hymn was sung. Father blessed the statue, and recited an act of consecration to our beloved Mother. It was followed by a hymn in Sautaux which ended the ceremony.

**Sept. 16, 17, 18.**—Threshing time here at the school and the girls think it very interesting. This is the first year they have taken so much interest in it. I really don't know what the boys think of it, but I heard one say that he liked working at the threshing machine, even if it gave him a dirty face. The crop this year is splendid; and we all hope that during this scholastic year everyone will have a good spiritual crop to give to God in return for the earthly one he has given us so abundantly.

## OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS

(Continued from page 3)

For ten years this work went on uninterrupted save by the sad tidings of the murder of René Goupi (1642), taken prisoner by the Iroquois together with Father Isaac Jogues, and later of the martyrdom of John de La Lande and Father Jogues himself (1646), the culmination of a life of suffering and torture fiendish in their savage ingenuity. They were martyred by the Mohawks, a tribe of the Iroquois, in the neighborhood of the modern Auriesville, N.Y., where the well-known Shrine of the North American Martyrs preserves and honors their memory to-day.

In 1648 the number of converts during the year was eighteen hundred. But the end was not far distant. It was in this year that the Iroquois put forth their most savage and determined efforts to exterminate the Hurons. On July 4 they made a sudden onslaught on the village of St. Joseph, massacred the inhabitants, shot down Father Anthony Daniel, set fire to the chapel and threw his body into the flames. The next year, 1649, a thousand Iroquois armed with muskets murdered the villagers of St. Ignace, close to Fort Ste-Marie, in their sleep; then passing on to St. Louis they fired the village and took prisoners Father John de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalement whom they did to death amid scenes of unparalleled cruelty on March 16. The bodies of the Martyrs were brought to Fort Ste-Marie and buried there on March 21.

The surviving Hurons scattered in all directions, as many as six thousand taking refuge on the island of St. Joseph, now Christian Island, in Georgian Bay. The country round the Fort was now a desert. It was useless for the Fathers to remain, cut off as they were from their Christians and exposed to the imminent danger of armed attack. They thought of retiring to Manitoulin Island; but a deputation of the Hurons begged them to follow their flock to the Island of St. Joseph. Accordingly they gathered a few possessions, set fire to the Fort and its buildings, carried with them the bones of their two martyred brethren, and in a couple of days reached the island.

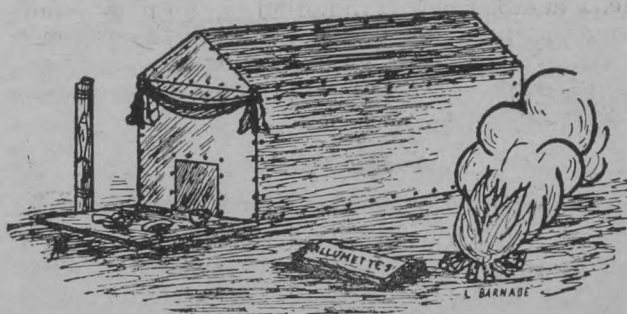
Here the outstanding problem was how to provide food for six thousand people. The island was all bush. It was too late to clear and plough, even had they had implements and seed. Fishing and hunting provided a scanty supply during the summer months. But with the coming of winter semi-starvation set in. Sickness broke out and in their weakened condition the Hurons died by dozens every day. So feeble and emaciated were the survivors that they were scarce able to bury the dead. The horrors of that winter were indescribable.

In the early spring of 1650 the men sallied forth in small bands on hunting and fishing expeditions, only to be shot down by roving troops of Iroquois who prowled throughout the neighborhood on the look-out for their prey. Only one Huron survived to carry the news to the island. Yet others ventured out only to meet the same fate. Finally the survivors, now desperate, begged the Fathers to conduct them to Quebec and put them under the protection of the French Government. On June 10 the little band set out, arriving at Quebec on July 28.

Thus ended the glorious epic of the Christianizing of Huronia. If you like, it was a failure. But there are defeats that vie with victories. Nor is it so certain that it was a defeat. Not one of those who remained on the island ever for a moment wavered in his faith, and we may confidently believe the same of the rest of the six thousand. They were Christians heart and soul. They were the occasion of giving to the Church eight of her most glorious Martyrs and of procuring for Canada thus early in her history powerful intercessors before the throne of God. When the missionaries moved to Christian Island, they took with them the bones of St. John de Brébeuf and St. Gabriel Lalement, carefully replacing the flesh in the grave in which the bodies had been buried. Their dust is still commingled with the soil on the site of the old Fort Ste-Marie.

It will be obvious that the Martyrs' Shrine is no merely pious memorial. It is also a historical monument commemorating one of the most glorious episodes in Canadian history and reared in imperishable memory of those noble men who first brought Christianity and civilization to Canada and to Ontario in particular.

Due to lack of space we have omitted the serial: Katherine Tekakwitha. It will be resumed next month.



An Indian Grave

(Courtesy Ami du Foyer)



# THE MISSIONARY'S NIGHTMARE

A short story, adapted from the French,

by Fr. F. Poulin, O.M.I.

A terrible war had begun, already the battlefield was strewn with dead bodies, corpses wrapped in white furs: no doubt they were Finnish soldiers who, descending from the mountains, came to die heroically in the prairies. In truth it was a great mass of jack-rabbits which were lying in a corner of the hut, witnesses to the skill of Charley, an Indian hunter. Anyway, these enemies were not so frightening, since they were dead, but my true, dangerous enemies, were the rats which were trying at every moment to invade my room, and which I could see plainly in every hole in the floor, ready to pounce and eat the dead.

As they were invaders of a neutral country, I made up my mind that their war was an unjust one, and I was decided to defend my room with all my might. The enemy attacked with all the resources of modern strategy: bags of flour were the sandbags against the bombs, kettles and bundles of clothing protected the main line of defense. From the heights of my bed, I could dominate the surrounding territory, and attack from the air, if necessary. My military uniform was my sheepskin coat; its high collar was my gas-mask, and was it ever needed!

Suddenly the enemy advanced rapidly out of hiding, and in no time it was covering every piece of furniture: stove, table, chairs; others were trying to upset the kettles and all movable objects. Nevertheless, I gave them full liberty, and soon fell asleep in the din of the battle.

My dreams were frightful; it was cold, and I was shivering in my bed, some of the rats tried to get into my blankets; finally one of them, known for its audacity, bit my ears, and crawled over my chin.

This was too much: I made a grab for my flashlight, I looked for matches, but my paralyzed hands could not hold them. Suddenly I sat up in bed, and turned on a beam of light on the invaders: the enemy got panicky, and retreated ungloriously in its darkest trenches. I got up and went to get the house cat which was in the next room. The owner of the cat tried to discourage me, saying that the poor animal was afraid of rats. Nevertheless, I seized the cat and came back to my room. The owner followed me, begging me to return the Minush, since it was going to eat all the jack-rabbits. I suggested that we move the rabbits into the next room, which we did promptly.

And so again to bed, and soon a peaceful slumber crept all over my body, and my dreams were much more pleasant. However, after an indefinite period of time, I heard a new commotion in the next room: some rats, spying around, had discovered the presence of the cat in my room and had reported the matter to headquarters. The general of the rat army soon decided to invade my neighbor's room and feast in peace on the dead rabbits. But soon the tenant of the room came to me and cried for help. But with the cat enthroned at the foot of my bed, I feigned to sleep, and for a while was not bothered any more.

Morning came, a cold grey dawn, with the promise of a stormy day. My neighbors came to me with the sad story that the rats had kept them awake all night; but I countered saying that I had been kept awake all the first part of the night, so we were even. The war was over, and my nightmare ended.

For this battle, I had a very unexpected reward.

Having held the morning Divine Service in this house, and having offered a special prayer for the final extermination of rats, a member of the congregation came to me and asked me to baptize her child. She was a recent convert from paganism. "Father," said she, "I wish to have my child baptized for this reason: when I was a pagan, I had four children, and they all died; since I am a Christian, I had four more children, and they are all living; and you know, it is because I have them baptized soon after they are born." I answered: "You are right, and I hope the Great Spirit will keep this one in good health for you."

I admired the Faith and confidence of this woman, and christened the child Victor, that is: the victorious, since it was for his sake I had fought my enemies the previous night.

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## THE BIBLE HISTORY IN SAUTEUX

### Baptism of Jesus

Jikwa Jesus ani nakatang Nazarethotena, Galileing, Jourdainging ki pi ija, Jenyan wi pi otissat, wi sikaandasot. Jean, dac kawin ki inendasi, oho ikitot: "Nin kuca ka nandawendagwak kin tci sikaandawyan ... jikwa kin teyagwatc ki pi nansikan." "Nano akawa, ganebenimicin enendaman tci totaman" o ki inan Jesus. "Anic mi ke iji te-ijissetoyang kakina kwayakotototamowin. Ono nondang ikitowinan Jean kawin awacime ki jagwenimossi; kaye Jourdainging Jesussan o ki sikaandawan. Cemak ki ickwa sikaandjikasot, Jesus sibing ki pi ondji akwata. Megwa sikandasowat anicinabek, kaye megwa Jesus tcigagam anamihat, ningoting iko kesika ki pakissemagat kitci kijik icpiming; Wenicicit Manito mijica ki pi nanji, omiming ki ijakohitisot, kaye Jesussan o ki pi ponitotawan. Mi dac iko kaye cemak kijikong ki nondam oho ikitong: Mi waha ningosis sayakihak; win etta apitei nin minwenima. Ningotci nissimitana ki tasso piponwe Jesus ihi api, kakina awyia Josephan okosissimikut o ki inenimikon ...

(To be continued)

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## Priest Is Hero On Sinking Liner

A Roman Catholic priest—an army chaplain since the outbreak of the war—was one of the silent heroes of the sinking of the Lancastria, bombed in the English channel by German airmen while evacuating troops from France.

Rev. Charles McMenemy, 35 year old London Scot, gave up his lifebelt to another man on the sinking ship and floundered about in the oily water for nearly an hour before a rescue craft picked him up. The priest spent a fortnight afterwards with Rev. Wm. Attree, a former associate, but he made no mention of his act.

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Our readers are invited once again to contribute news items, sports events, school news, etc., to the Editor of the Record. The paper goes to press during the first week of each month, so do not delay in sending your copy. Do it this month, before the 28th. Remember, the staff working at I.M.R. consists of only one person, who has many other occupations, so help him all you can. Thank you.

## THE BEAVER AND THE MUSKRAT

(The Indian Missionary Record is grateful in acknowledging to the Valley Echo the use of the cuts in this article, which is adapted with permission from two essays written by Pearl Guest in the same magazine.)



The pocket-like steel-mesh trap with the coil spring contraption that causes the trap to enclose the beaver.

The holding pen in which the beaver are transferred from one colony to another.

### The Beaver

The beaver is a well-known fur bearing animal weighing about 45 pounds, and measuring up to three feet in length. The beaver pelt is one of the most valuable furs, and the finest pelts have been found in Northern Canada. The beaver fur-trade has accounted for the opening of the North. The fur does not become fully prime until the animal is three years old; it is a silky thick, brownish-grey fur, protected by a coarse overcoating of reddish-brown hair.

The beaver feeds on bark of trees, the tubers of water plants and on the white part of cat-tails, wild rice and grass. There are generally two to five kits to a litter. The beavers are sociable and very sagacious in overcoming obstacles. They build conical lodges of sticks and mud, filling the interstices with roots and twigs. This lodge rises about four feet above water-level, and it is approximately twenty feet across the base; its walls are two feet thick. Two under-water entrances are constructed which lead into the lodge inside of which the beavers make beds of moss and twigs.

The beavers are noted for their great skill in building dams. They use saplings which they lay in the bed of the stream, with the butts facing upwards. These are held in position by mud and gravel. On top of these they place a layer of branches and roots and also stones. The branches often sprout and grow in small bushes, thereby hiding the dam effectively.

The beavers store up provisions for the winter, which enable them to survive the longest and most severe season. Their provisions are stored at the bottom of the pond.

The pictures show beavers are transferred by the game wardens which is done usually between June 20th and July 1st. The purpose of the transfer is to stock new areas, such as has been done recently from the Grainland district to the Cypress Hills Park and to forest reserves in the north of the Province.

### The Muskrat

The muskrat is a close relative of the beaver. Several areas in Saskatchewan have been set aside for the restoration of muskrat colonies; one of these has been leased to the Dept. of Indian Affairs in the Cumberland delta. The natural living place of the muskrat is the same as that of the beaver. Its fur is also valuable, and is often designated as Hudson seal. Pelts become prime in the spring just before shedding time. The muskrat weighs only two to three pounds; it feeds on aquatic plants, roots, waterlilies, etc., and especially on bull-rushes. They dig their homes into the banks of streams, or build dome-like lodges in the marshes; these come up to three feet above water level. Like the beavers the muskrats store food for winter, and likewise also do they work together in tunneling passages underground.

The pictures show how muskrats are skinned, smoked, and how they are transferred by the game wardens from one area to another.

